Ephram Brown Is Not a Homophobe

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Ephram Brown Is Not a Homophobe

by Zee (orphan_account)

Summary

He's just a little confused.

Notes

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Ephram is in a pissy mood. Gym class sucked, as usual, although thank god it's his last period of the day this term. When he gets outside the sky is grey and he just knows that it's going to start raining on him just as he starts biking home.

Of course, he wouldn't *have* to bike home if stupid Bright didn't have stupid tutoring Tuesday afternoons. Ephram doesn't know why that bugs him so much; yeah, the ride home every day is nice, but it's more like... like he hasn't seen Bright for a couple days and actually *misses* him. Which is weird, and also dumb, and Ephram hates it.

He's only been biking for a few minutes when he realizes that he left his algebra textbook in the school locker room. He has to bike back up the big hill he just biked down to get back to school, and he mutters curses at Bright for not being here with his truck.

The locker room's nearly empty; all the kids that have sports after school have already suited up and are out on the fields, doing whatever it is jocks do. Ephram has the headphones of his iPod in when he first walks into the locker room, so he doesn't hear them until he turns the corner and sees--

Some football (or possibly basketball) jock that Ephram doesn't know, leaning against the wall with his eyes closed. And Bright... Bright is...

On his knees, and when the other guy curses loudly and pushes him away upon seeing Ephram, Bright twists around to stare at him, wiping his mouth.

Ephram barely even catches a glimpse of what Bright was actually *doing,* and it's too much. He averts his eyes, stumbles backwards and mumbling something vaguely apologetic. He speeds out of that locker room faster than he previously knew he could go. Fuck his algebra textbook.

"Ephram! Ephram, hey, come on, wait!" He hears Bright calling after him, in the tone that implies that Ephram is making too big a deal out of something, again. Bright can go fuck himself, Ephram thinks, letting self-righteousness take over. He turns around to face him when Bright catches up with him--because of course Bright does, because his legs are just that much longer than Ephram's, and his mouth is still wet. Red-looking.

Christ.

"What?" Ephram half-snarls, already on the defensive. He watches the way Bright's eyebrows come together in confusion, the way his mouth seems torn between laughing it off and frowning.

"Shit, sorry you saw that, man," Bright says. "I guess that's why we try to stick to janitor's closets." He laughs nervously at that, and Ephram can feel his blue eyes searching Ephram's face. His chin looks shiny and a little sticky, and Ephram wishes he could stop blushing. And picturing Bright and--whoever the fuck that was--in a janitor's closet.

He turns to anger instead. "I thought you had a fucking *tutoring session,*" he spits out. "You could've just *said* you'd rather blow your boyfriend instead of hang out with me."

"I don't--" Bright sighs, runs a hand through his hair. Ephram remembers seeing that hand on the other boy's hip, grabbing the fabric of his sports jersey. "I mean, it's not *like* that-"

"I don't care what it's like, okay? Just--" Ephram forces a laugh out of himself and starts backing up, backing away from Bright. "I've gotta go, okay? Feel free to go and do--whatever it is you two were doing. Don't let me stop you."

He turns away and walk-runs down the hallway and out to his bike, and Bright doesn't call after him again.

Ephram doesn't go home right away. He hops on his bike and goes as fast as he can, zipping in and out of traffic, and when cars honk at him he gives them the finger. It's stupid, to act like the political dumbfuck bikers in New York when he's in *Everwood,* but it feels good. He bikes over to the park and then to the pizza place where Colin nearly beat the shit out of him last year and where Bright took three punches to the face for him. He doesn't have much cash, so he just gets some breadsticks and parks himself by the pinball machine. He really, really sucks at pinball.

Delia calls his cell around five, yelling at him to get home because he promised to help her with her music assignment, which he *has* to do because Madison isn't there anymore (which is his fault, thanks bro). And because Ephram really is a ten-year-old's bitch, he bikes home.

Bright rings his doorbell that evening, after dinner. Ephram happens to answer it, and he spends a good 2.5 seconds staring dumbly at Bright, trying to decide how the *hell* he is supposed to act here. He decides on the old stand-by of acting like nothing at all happened, because that is *totally* healthy and productive.

"Hey, man. What's up?" he says, his tongue feeling thick, and contemplates killing himself for being the biggest tool to ever live.

Bright doesn't look like he's feeling any more comfortable than Ephram. His hands are stuffed in his pockets and he's hunched over, and he has this funny little half-smile on his face. "Um. not much."

Ephram... does not know what to say. Does he ask Bright to come in? Bright doesn't look like he really wants to come in. Maybe they'll just stand here forever, staring at the porch and avoiding each other's eyes. Or maybe Bright can push him up against the wall and slide to his knees and--

"I wanted to talk about, uh. You know." Bright coughs and runs a hand through his hair again, and Ephram shakes himself out of it. "You know, that guy. And.. what you saw. Ephram, you've gotta understand, he-"

"Bright! What a pleasant surprise. Why don't you come in, have something to eat? I'm sure we can cook something up..." It's comforting to know that no matter how bad he gets, Ephram will never be as much of a tool as his dad. Andy is standing beside Ephram, beaming as if a boy from school showing up on his doorstep to hang out with his son is the best thing in the universe that could possibly happen.

Bright looks uncomfortable. "Uh, actually I was wondering if you wanted to go out," he says to Ephram, then turns beet red at his own phrasing. Ephram bites his lip to keep from laughing. "I mean, uh--can we just drive somewhere?"

"It's a school night, Ephram," Andy says, beginning to frown. And it's true that Ephram hasn't done his homework yet (not that he can do it all, considering that he still doesn't have his algebra book), and it's also true that this drive is possibly going to be the most uncomfortable, awkward ride Ephram has been on in his life.

But despite his best intentions, living in Everwood hasn't provided Ephram with nearly enough ways to rebel against his father. He can't afford to pass up any opportunity, no matter how small.

"I'll be back before it's that late, don't worry," he says, grabbing his jacket and pretending not to notice the way Bright smiles at him, relieved and big. They get in Bright's truck and start driving; Ephram stares out the window.

Bright stops the truck on the outskirts of town, where the only light is a streetlamp across the street.

"Dude," Bright says, turning to Ephram and sounding too serious for himself. "Are you, like, a homophobe?"

"What? Are you kidding me? I'm from New York, dumbass."

"There are homophobes in New York, too, dickwad," Bright replies. "I remember reading some article about that."

"Not as many as there are in ButtFuckNowhere, Colorado," Ephram counters. "Anyway, I'm *not,* jesus, how'd you get that idea?"

Bright snorts. "I don't know, maybe it could be the way you completely *freaked the fuck out* at me when you found out I was having sex with a dude."

"Hey, I didn't *find out,* I saw you *sucking his dick.*" God, Ephram can feel his face turning red again. Good thing it's dark out. "That's a little different, okay? Besides, you lied to me."

"I do have tutoring on Tuesdays!" Bright says. "I just... um. Cut it today."

"For some guy?" Ephram can hear his voice turning incredulous and harsh, mean. "What, is he like your *boyfriend* or something? Are you gonna take him to prom?"

Bright hits him on the arm, not hard, and laughs. "Now who's the dumbass? Dude, of course not. It's not like *that.*"

Ephram rubs the spot where Bright hit him, even though it really didn't hurt. "So what's it like? Wait, for starters, what's his *name?*" Not that Ephram cares.

"Why are you interested?" God damn fucking Bright and his fucking *psychic powers.* God. Fortunately, Bright being Bright, he moves on without waiting for an answer. "His name's Sam. And I don't know what it's like--that's only the second time I've done it with him."

Ephram wonders what the first time was like. If they could see anything in that janitor's closet, if there were blowjobs or just jerking off or what--

Wait. "....with *him?* There have been others?"

Bright shrugs. "Yeah, some guys. Mostly from the basketball team or other schools' teams--"

"I don't *believe* you. You're even a slut when you're *gay.*"

"I'm not gay!" Bright protests. Ephram gives him a Look, and Bright sighs.

"Okay, maybe I am. Sort of. But I'm not--I mean, you know, I still like girls."

"It's called being bisexual, Bright. Apparently they don't even teach you that word out here." It feels good to get back on his superior New York horse again, pretend he's still in charge of the conversation.

"Whatever." Bright waves his hand and nudges Ephram's shoulder again; only Bright, Ephram thinks, could hand-wave away his whole sexuality. "The point is--it's just sex, okay? It doesn't mean anything." Ephram can feel Bright's eyes on him again, and he turns back to the window. "Those guys, they don't... mean anything."

Ephram doesn't have anything to say to that.

They stay quiet for a while, and Ephram wishes Bright would put on the radio or something. But no, there's just silence, and Ephram can hear Bright fucking *breathing.* He catches himself wondering if Bright and--and fucking *Sam* ever did this, just sat around not talking together in Bright's truck after--

Bright breaks the silence first. "So have you ever, you know..." he makes a lewd gesture. "Have you ever gotten a blowjob?"

Someday Ephram will stop blushing. Someday. "What does *that* have to do with *anything?*"

Bright laughs at him. "Because, dude, you probably wouldn't be such a prude if you'd ever gotten one yourself."

"I'm not a prude," Ephram snaps. "And yeah, of course I've gotten one before, I'm not *that* inexperienced."

"Yeah? So was it from a guy or a girl?" Bright shoves him again, playfully. Ephram wants to die.

"I can't believe I'm having this conversation," Ephram mutters under his breath. "God, a *girl,* of course."

He can't see it in this light, but he can feel Bright smirking. "Guys do it better."

This... this is really *fucking* bad timing for him to get hard. Ephram hates his stupid teenage hormones. He tries to look like he's just nonchalantly crossing his legs. "Whatever, Bright. They do not."

"'Course they do. It kind of makes sense when you think about it: Guys have dicks, so they should know better what to do with them."

And that's just... it's such classic Bright Logic that Ephram has to laugh. "You are so full of shit! I've gotten great blowjobs from girls." Because Ephram has received so very many in his young life, of course.

"Oh, *really.*" And Bright doesn't sound like Bright anymore: his voice is low, challenging, almost shrewd. Ephram can feel Bright staring at him, and he clenches his hand on the handle of the car door.

"It's pretty late. I should be getting back," he says, and feels like a total girl. Which he is.

Bright snorts. "Yeah, okay. You need your beauty sleep, I guess." Bright reaches over to tousle Ephram's hair, and Ephram makes a face, batting his hand away.

They're halfway home when Bright says, "So, do you want me to suck you off?"

Ephram chokes on his own saliva. "Do I--you--*what?*"

Bright pulls over again, under a street light this time. He still looks casual and placid as anything, like he'd asked Ephram what time he should pick him up for school or something. Ephram stares.

Bright shrugs. "Simple question. You just looked like you maybe wanted me to." He grins at that, 100% all-American golden boy grin, and Ephram thinks he accidentally fell through a portal to another universe.

"I...." Did Ephram want him to? He'd thought about it. More like, he'd seen Bright crouched in front of that other guy and he hadn't really been able to get the image out of his head. But that *wasn't* the same as wanting to hook up with his (male) best friend, as wanting said friend to suck him off.

It seems like it's a little late for second or even first thoughts, though, because Bright has already undone his seat belt and is leaning towards him, and Ephram gets one more fraction of a second to panic before Bright's lips collide with his mouth.

It's messy and a little awkward at first, lips meeting teeth and saliva but then Bright gives this little sigh and Ephram feels his big, warm hand cupping Ephram's neck and jaw. And Bright is a *fucking* good kisser, using just enough tongue and being sort of aggressive but not too much, and when he bites Ephram's lip Ephram can feel the little electric-like shock go down to his dick.

And then suddenly Bright's mouth is gone, and Ephram has enough time to blink a lot before he realizes that Bright is opening his pants, pulling his dick out and leaning over, sliding down in the cramped seat of the car with more grace than Ephram would have thought Bright capable of.

While Ephram's brain is busy catching up with the rest of him, Bright is *licking* his *dick.* Big long slurpy licks from base to tip and around the head. Brighton *fucking* Abbott is licking his penis, and Ephram manages to convey his horror and confusion at this through a series of gurgling noises.

Bright laughs softly, and Ephram can feel the puffs of air against the sensitive skin of his stomach. Bright's hand is on Ephram's thigh and he squeezes once before putting Ephram's dick--shit, almost *all* of it--in his mouth and sucking.

Ephram yells. Really fucking loud, and it's a good thing that they're in a car and it's late so no one can hear, *fuck,* Bright is good at this. He's making Ephram squirm and buck his hips, and Ephram knows words are coming out of his mouth but he doesn't know what they are. He hopes Bright doesn't make fun of him later for whatever he's saying now.

Bright is sucking his dick with the same single-mindedness he has when Ephram's seen him play--*really* play--basketball. All that focus (and *talent,* jesus) on Ephram, on Ephram's cock. It's sort of.... Ephram doesn't know. It's fucking turning him on, is what it's doing.

Ephram's hips jerk and Bright makes a sound sort of like 'Mrph.' He stops, turning his head to glare at Ephram. His lips are shiny and wet and red, and Ephram wonders what he'd taste like if he kissed him right now.

"Dude, don't do that. Are you, like, trying to knock my teeth out?" When he licks his lips, he's close enough that the tip of his tongue brushes Ephram's cock.

Ephram shudders. "Uh," he says weakly, and Bright smirks at him. Cocky little shit.

Ephram reaches for Bright's hair, grabs a fistful of blonde curls. It's soft, silky; Bright is totally the type of guy to use a ton of conditioners or whatever, Ephram thinks. Bright's smirk just grows wider, and he leans back down again, rubbing his cheek against Ephram's shaft and making Ephram's hand clench in his hair.

Then Bright sucks just on the head, doing this rhythmic lapping thing with his tongue, and Ephram's brain melts away. Jesus, did Bright really learn how to do all this from closeted jocks at Everwood High?

Ephram will have to remember to ask him that, sometime in the *distant future* when Bright's lips aren't wrapped around his cock, when he can't feel Bright's throat tight and hot around the head of his dick. Ephram thrusts up, he can't help it, and Bright--Bright lets him, and Ephram barely remembers to gasp a warning and let go of Bright's hair before he comes, groaning and slumping back in the car seat.

Bright swallows without skipping a beat, then sits up and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Ephram blinks at him again.

"You swallow?" he says, because he has no idea how to address any of the other concerns on his mind.

Bright nods. "Yeah. It's not, like, that hard."

"Doesn't it taste nasty?"

Bright shrugs. "I don't know. It tastes weird. Not *that* weird, though. Here--" Bright kisses Ephram suddenly, sliding his tongue into Ephram's mouth. Shit, Ephram's tasting *himself,* and.... Bright's right. It doesn't taste nasty, just a little strange.

"Huh," he says, dazed, when Bright pulls back. "Do you always swallow?"

Bright snorts and nuzzles Ephram's neck. "You ask the weirdest questions. Yeah, I guess; it just seems like it's polite." He grabs Ephram's hand and puts it on his crotch; Ephram can feel the heat there, feel how hard Bright is under his jeans.

He squeezes, and Bright's breath catches. Ephram shifts in his seat, turning toward Bright and undoing his fly, getting his hand into his pants. Bright's arm is tight around his shoulders, and his lips are pressed against Ephram's neck; when Ephram strokes, he bucks up into Ephram's hand and whimpers.

It's sort of like playing piano, Ephram thinks hazily as he keeps stroking. He's the one in control, pulling the sounds out of (Bright) the piano and making something beautiful. That's possibly the corniest thought he's ever had in his life, but it's accurate and Ephram squeezes and strokes harder, faster. He wants to make Bright come all over his stupid pants and his stupid truck.

"God, Ephram, shit, fuck." Bright growls the words against Ephram's skin, biting him. It kind of hurts and Ephram totally would not have pegged Bright for that type, but he would not have pegged Bright as the type to let Ephram jerk him off in his truck. Or to give blowjobs. Ephram is beginning to think he doesn't know his best friend as well as he thought he did.

He would definitely like to get to know him better.

Bright grabs at Ephram's shirt with his free hand and starts moaning vowel sounds, and Ephram stares and squeezes him harder when he comes, spurting come on Ephram's hand and on his shirt and stomach and jeans, and a little bit on the steering wheel. Ha.

Ephram wipes his hand on Bright's shirt and turns Bright's face to kiss him, licking at the corners of Bright's mouth and teeth. He likes kissing Bright more than he's ever liked kissing anyone, he thinks; even Amy.

"Mmm. That was cool." Bright's voice sounds lazy and sated, and his hand is sort of petting Ephram's chest through his t-shirt.

"Cool. Right." Sometimes Ephram wishes that his brain worked like Bright's obviously does, figuring out exactly the way he feels about something and not worrying too much about the details.

"Yeah." Bright kisses his collarbone. "Maybe next time we could try fucking."

Ephram raises an eyebrow. "You mean like up the ass?"

"No, I meant like up the pussy neither of us has, duh." Bright snorts and sits up, stretching. Ephram studies him: broad shoulders, come-

spattered yellow t-shirt, dick still hanging out of his pants. Jeans that are kind of tight, curly mussed blonde hair. A mouth that Ephram will never be able to look at without imagining sex.

Ephram imagines Bright fucking him. The image is fuzzy, and Ephram... doesn't even know how that would work, exactly, but. Maybe.

"Yeah, okay," he says, and Bright grins at him. He's tucking himself away and starting the car, and Ephram belatedly does up his own pants.

They're almost back to Ephram's house before something occurs to him. "Hey. Before, when we were talking, you said--you said that sex with guys, it didn't mean anything. To you." Ephram cringes internally; god, he sounds like a nagging girlfriend already. Fucking *Bright.*

"Yeah, I did. So?" Bright speeds through a stop sign and Ephram's stomach lurches.

"Oh. Okay. So what we did back there didn't... mean anything." Ephram chews on his lip.

"Stop being such an emo bitch, Brown." Bright slaps Ephram's thigh without taking his eyes off the road. "I told you, sex with *those* guys didn't mean anything?"

"But I'm just so special?" That came out more sulky than Ephram intended it to, but oh well.

Bright looks at him like he's nuts. "Uh, dude, you're my best friend, okay? So, you know..." Bright makes a gesture that clearly indicates something to him and nothing at all to Ephram. "It's just different. Okay?"

Ephram rolls his eyes. "You're such a fucking romantic, Abbott."

"If you really want flowers and a candlelight dinner I could, I don't know, maybe do that. You giant girl." Bright punches him in the shoulder again, and Ephram grins.

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